

GOLD
KEY

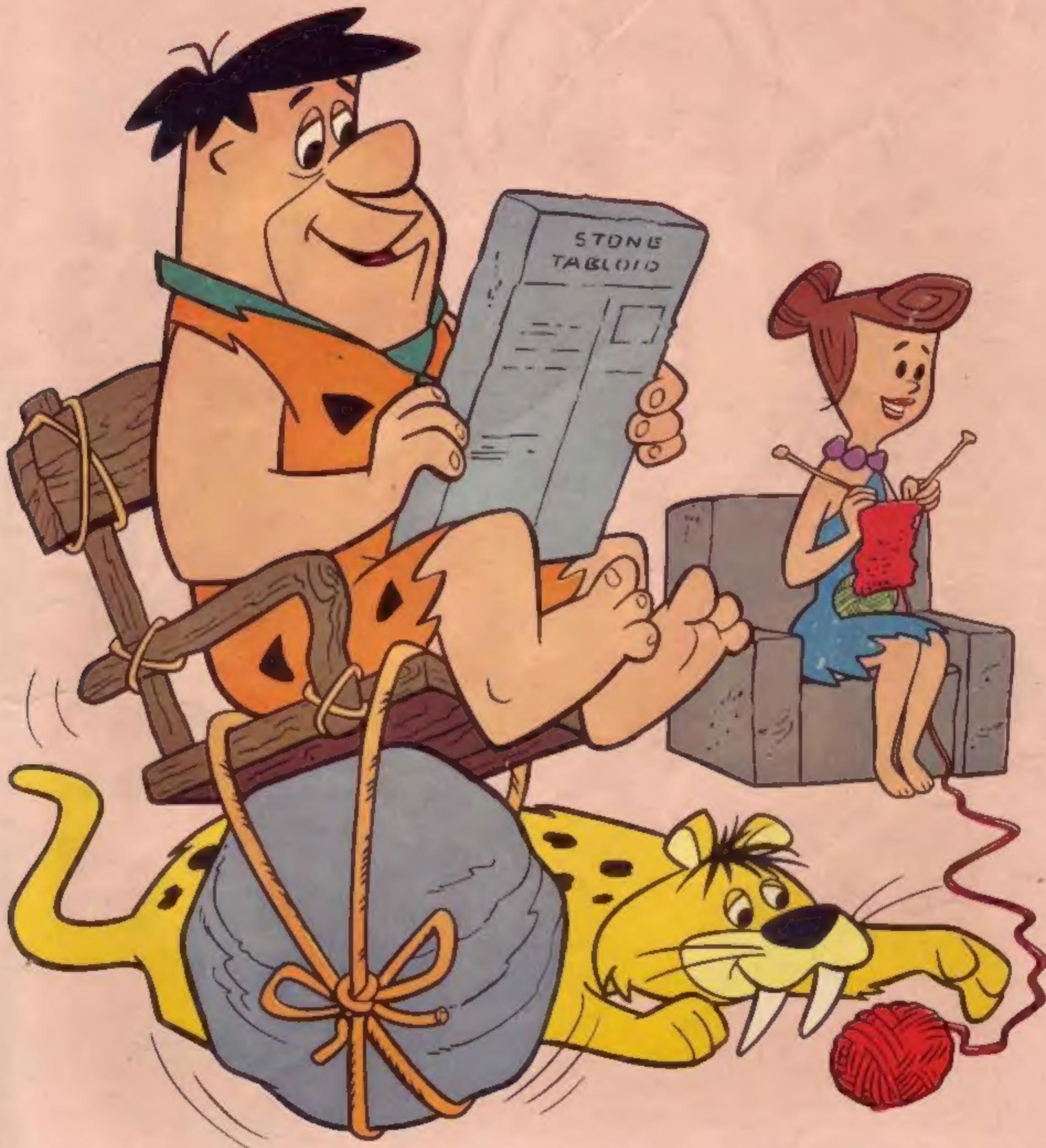
FLINTSTONES

NOW ONLY 12c

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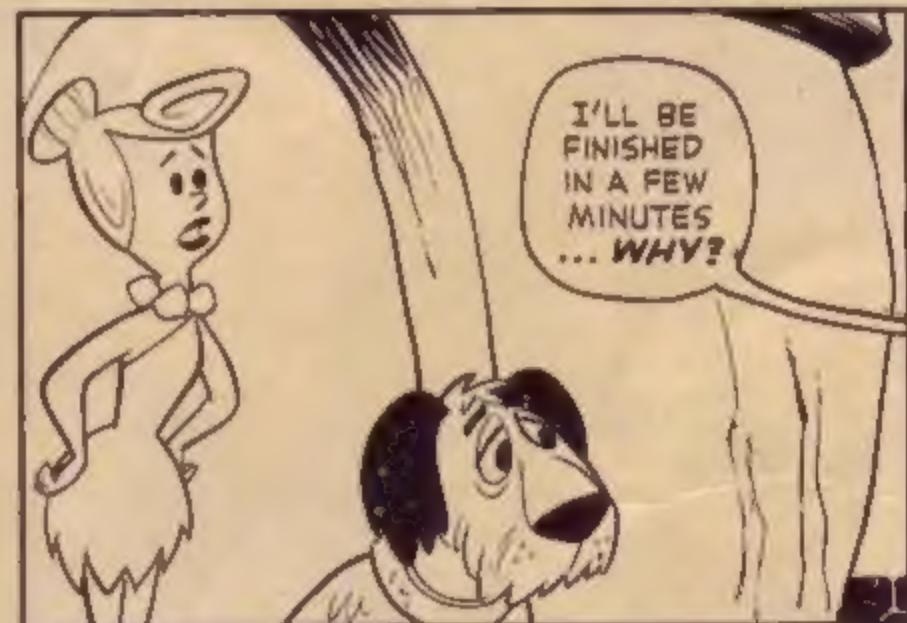
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THE FLINTSTONES



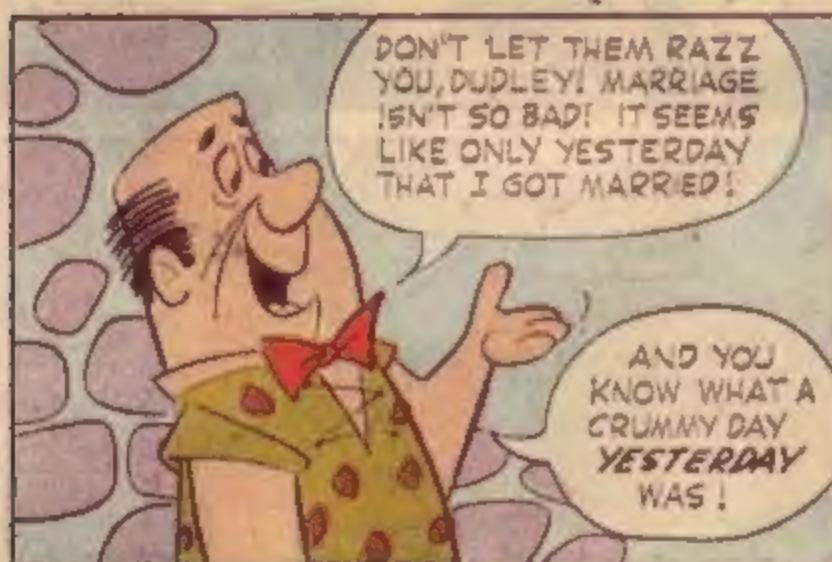
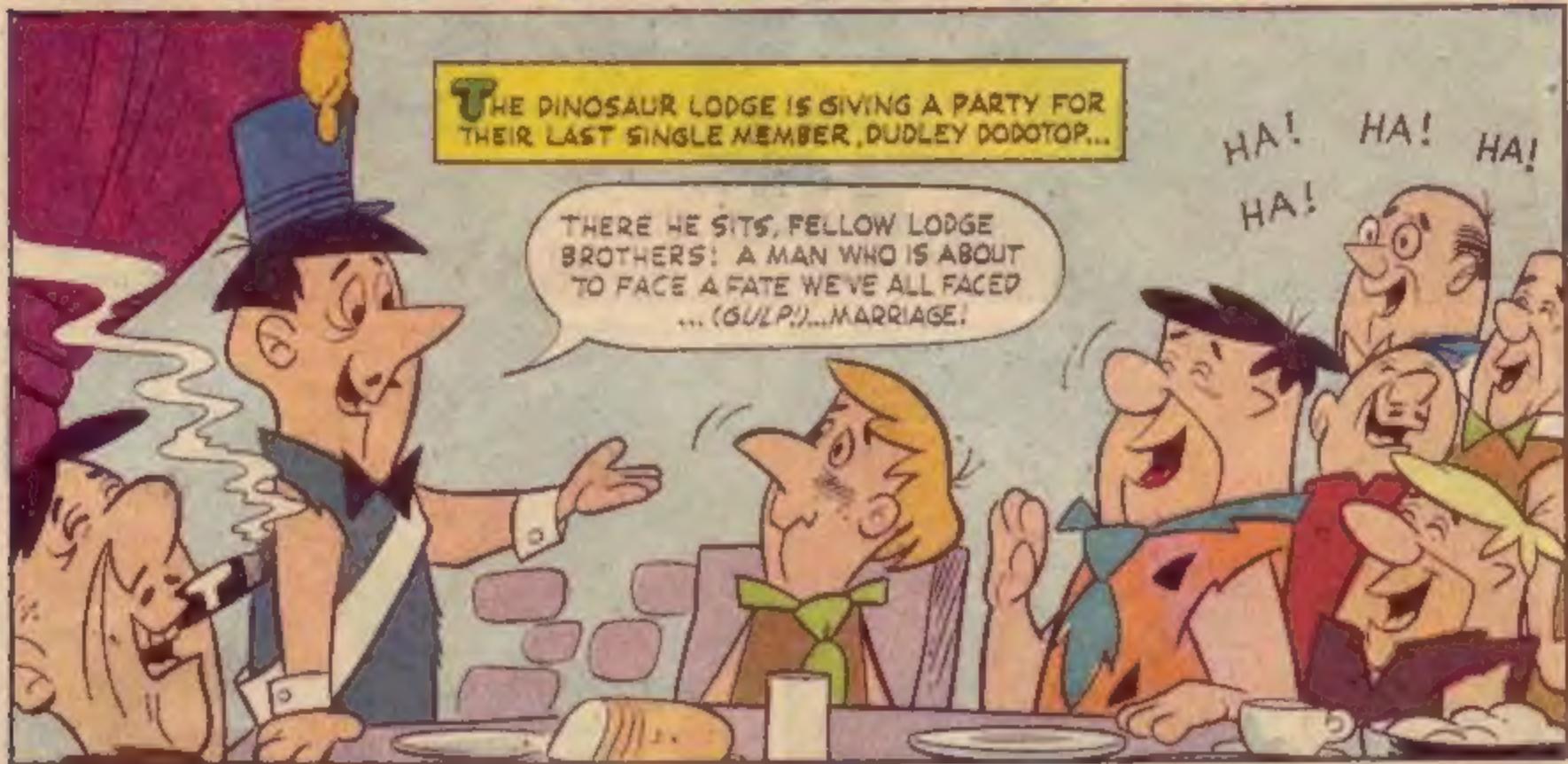
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THE FLINTSTONES



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THE OLD BAWL GAME



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

NEXT NIGHT...

THAT WAS SOME
PARTY WE GAVE
DUDLEY LAST NIGHT!
I HOPE HE DIDN'T
TAKE ALL OUR
KIDDING
SERIOUSLY!

BOWLING

NAWW! HE'S PROBABLY WITH HIS GIRL
RIGHT NOW LAUGHING ABOUT IT, AND
MAKING PLANS FOR THEIR WEDDING!

(ULP!) HE LOOKS MORE
LIKE HE'S PLANNING
THE EASIEST WAY TO
JUMP OFF A
SKYSCRAPER!

DUDLEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHY AREN'T YOU WITH YOUR GIRL,
PLANNING YOUR WEDDING?

ER...THERE
ISN'T GOING
TO BE ANY
WEDDING,
FELLOWS!

WAS IT SOMETHING WE
SAID LAST NIGHT?

I'VE DECIDED TO
WAIT AWHILE!

DUDLEY, THAT WAS ALL
KIDDING! WE LIKE BEING
MARRIED!

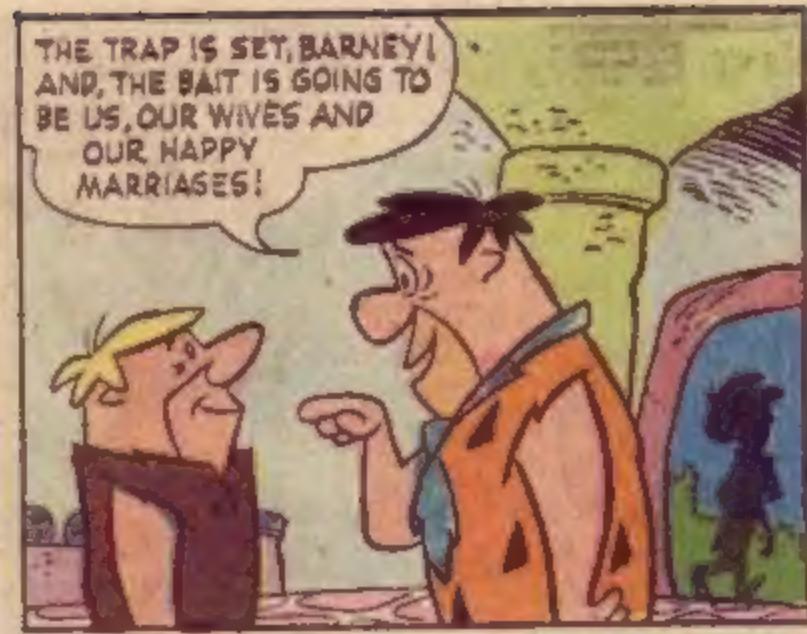
SURE!
MARRIAGE
IS THE
SPICE
OF LIFE!

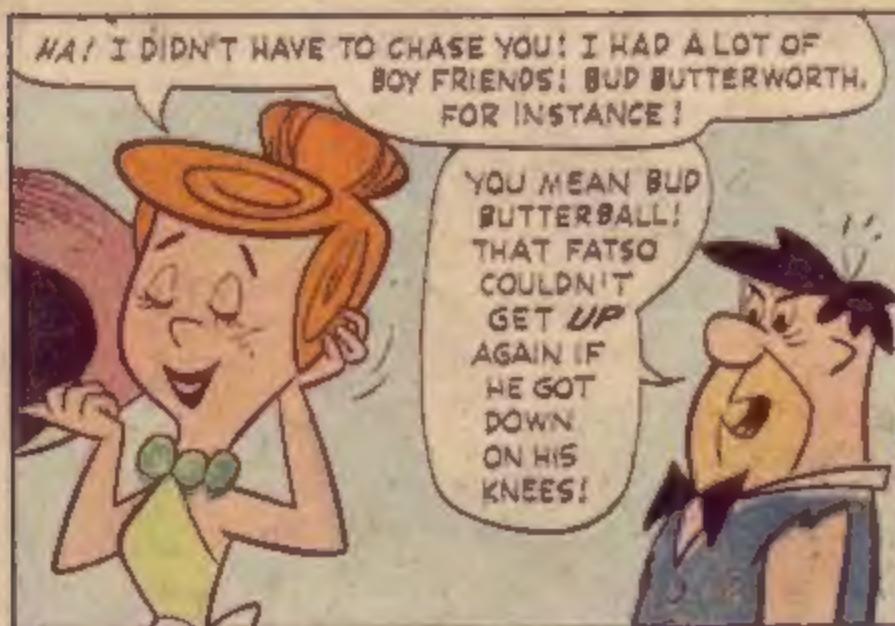
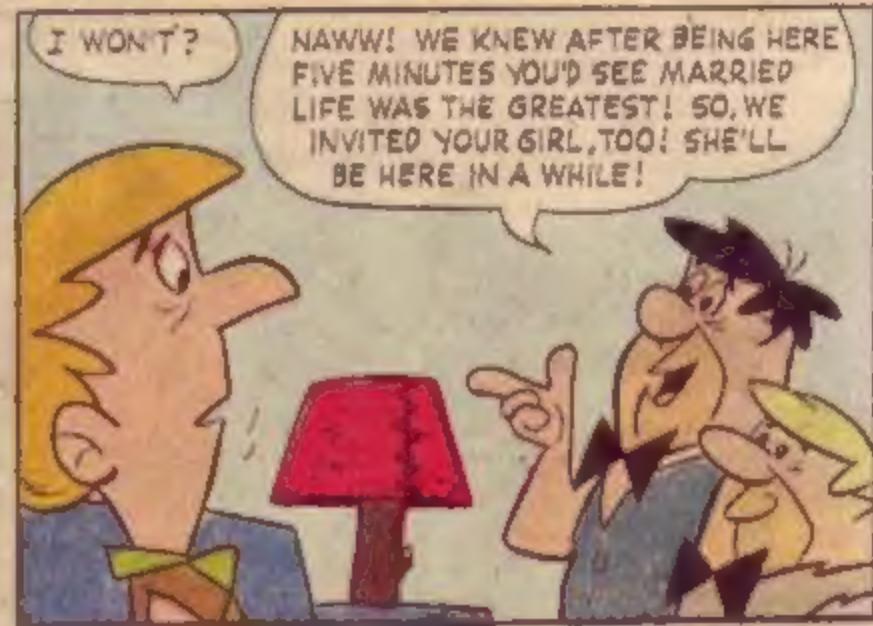
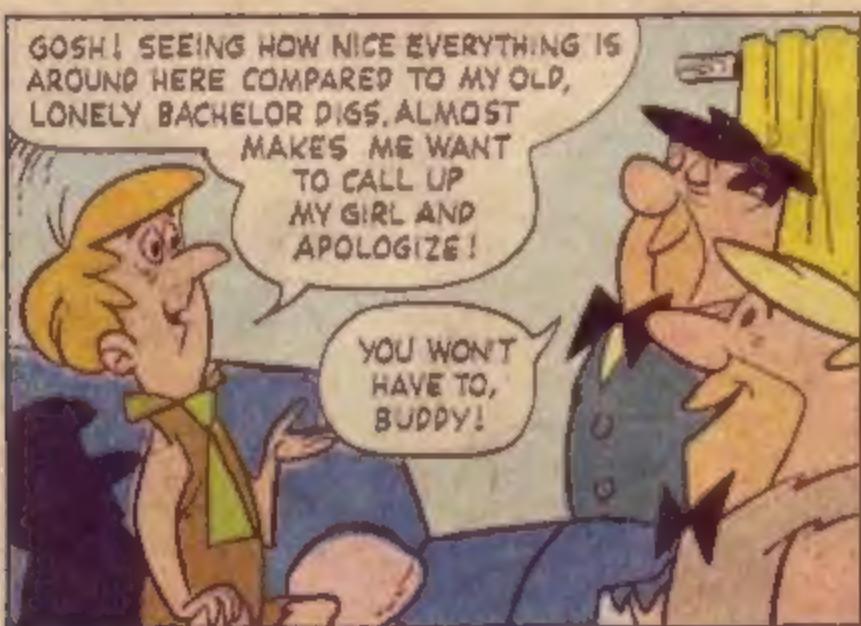
I ALREADY TOLD MY GIRL!
THE WEDDING IS
DEFINITELY OFF!

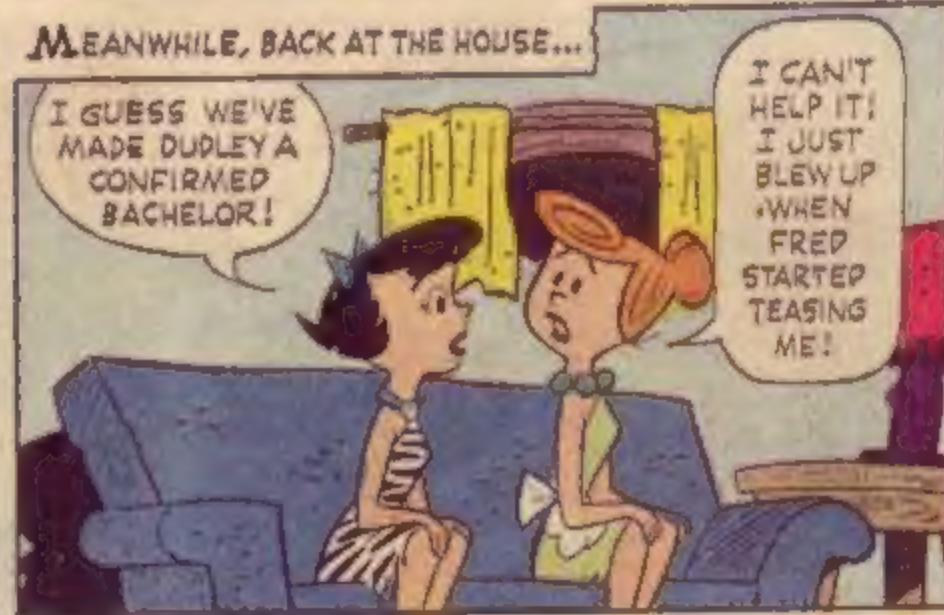
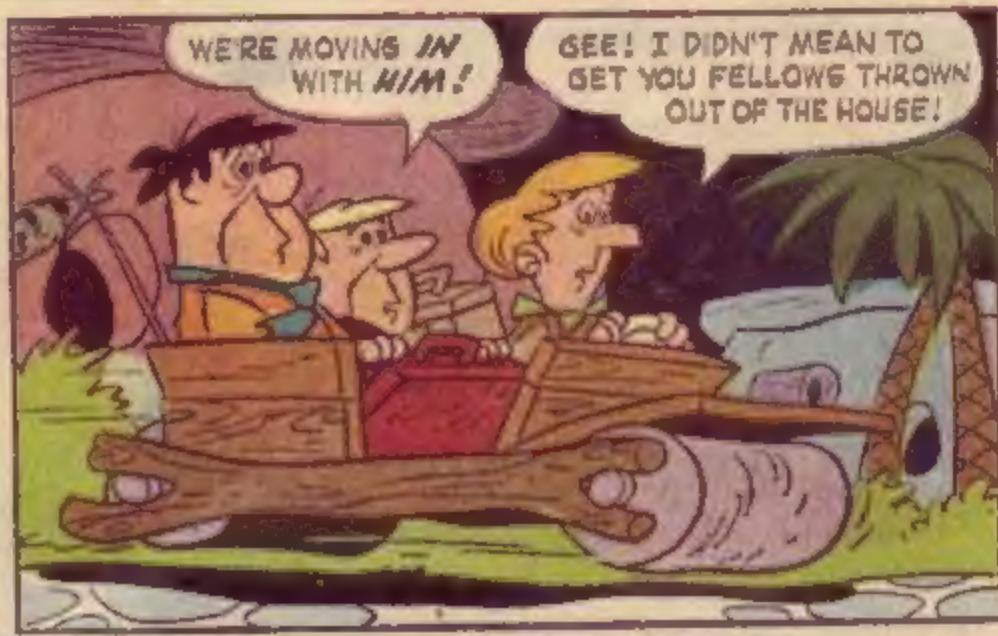
BUT-
BUT-

I FEEL AWFUL,
FRED! OUR
JOKE HAS
RUINED
EVERYTHING!
WE'VE GOT TO
DO SOMETHING!

I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!

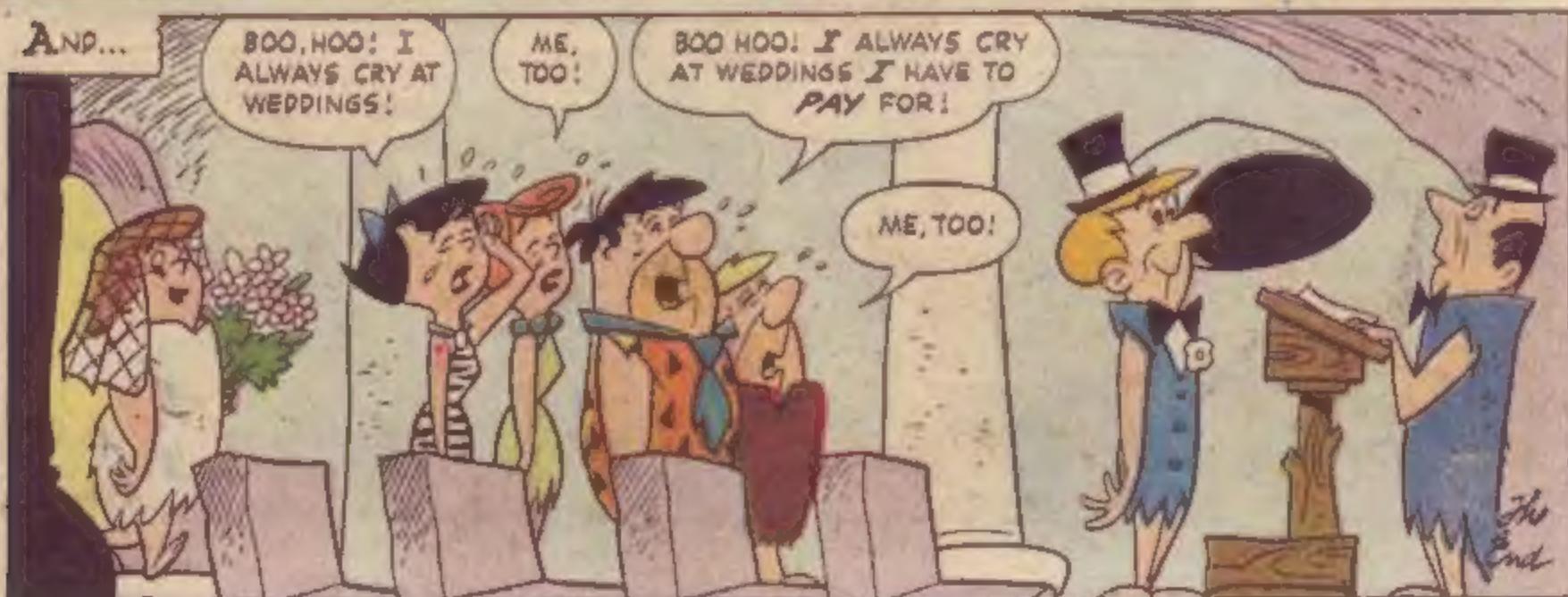
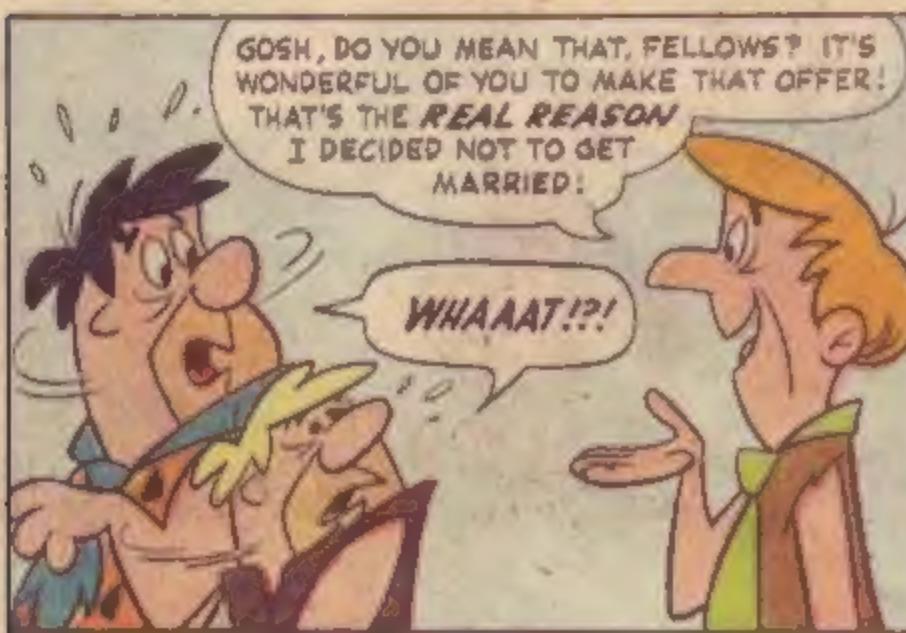
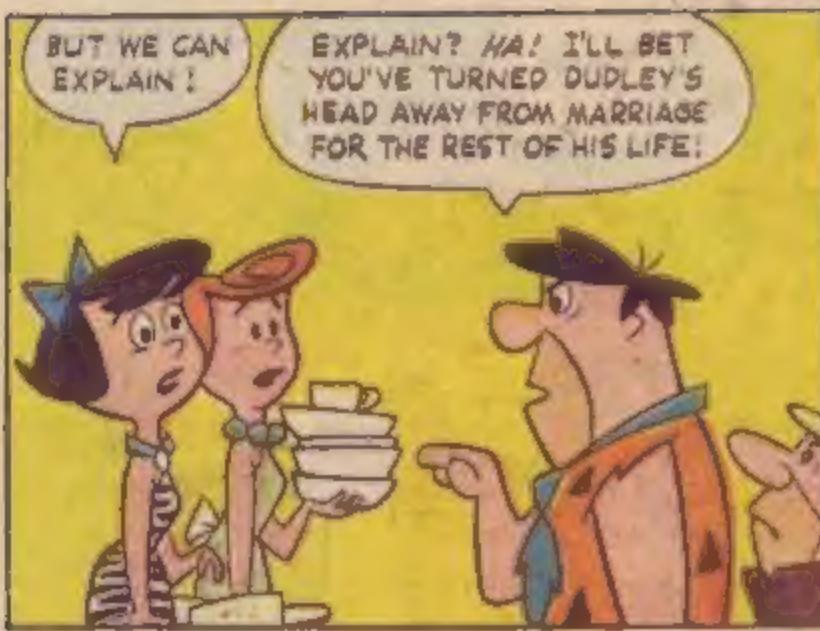












Warner Brothers THE

THE FLINTSTONES

The SUITABLE SUIT

HURRY UP, FRED! WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE MOVIES!

BE RIGHT OUT, WILMA!

FRED, YOU'VE BEEN SAYING THAT ABOUT THAT SUIT FOR YEARS!

SO: IT'S MY FAVORITE SUIT! I'M WEARING IT AND THAT'S THAT!

EEEEEK THAT SUIT. IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE WENT OUT I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT IT

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS SUIT? IT'S RIGHT IN STYLE!

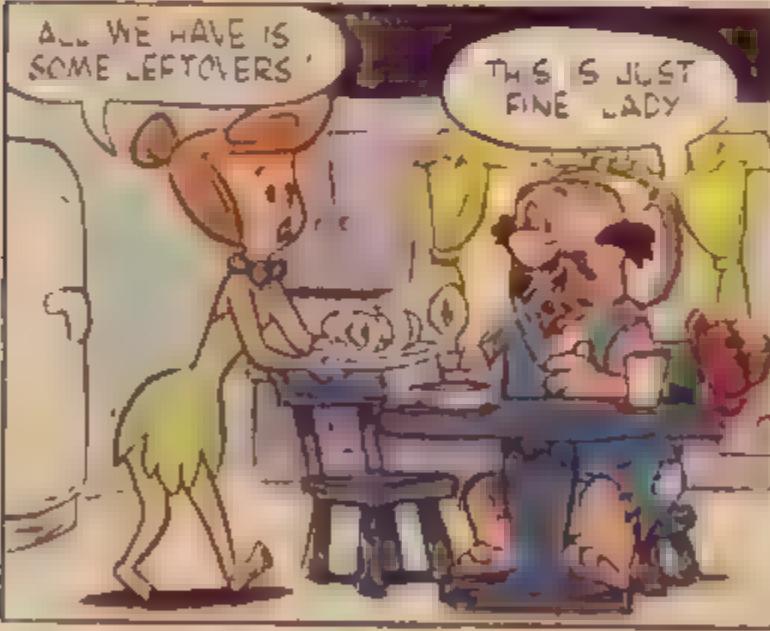
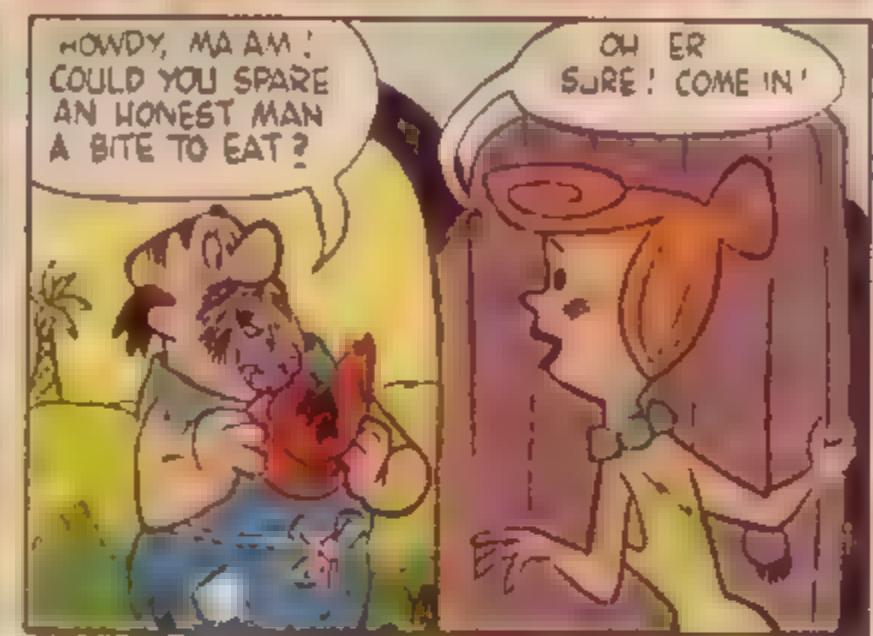
SHORTLY...

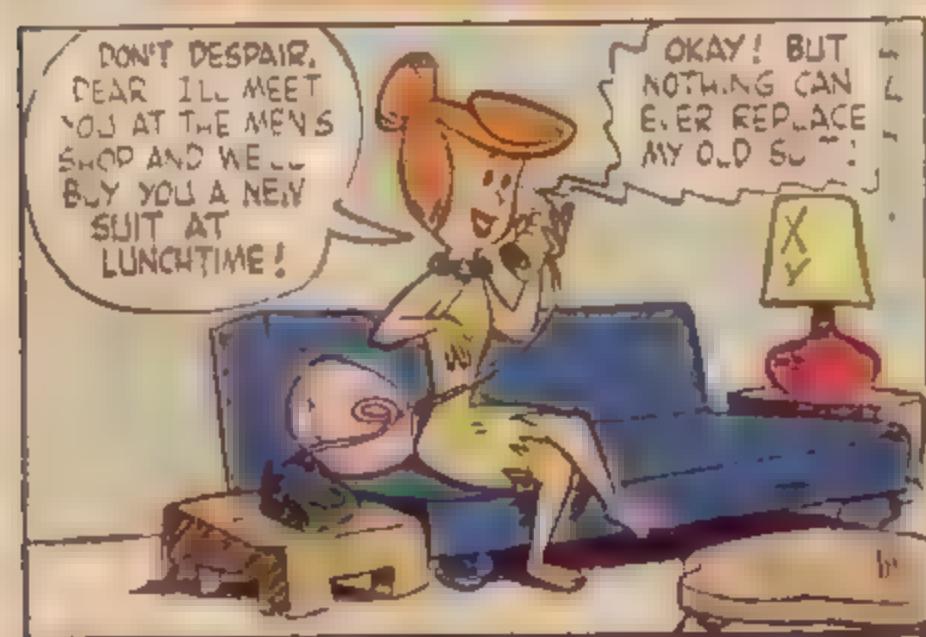
HEH HEH · SEE THE ADMIRING GLANCES MY SUIT GETS?

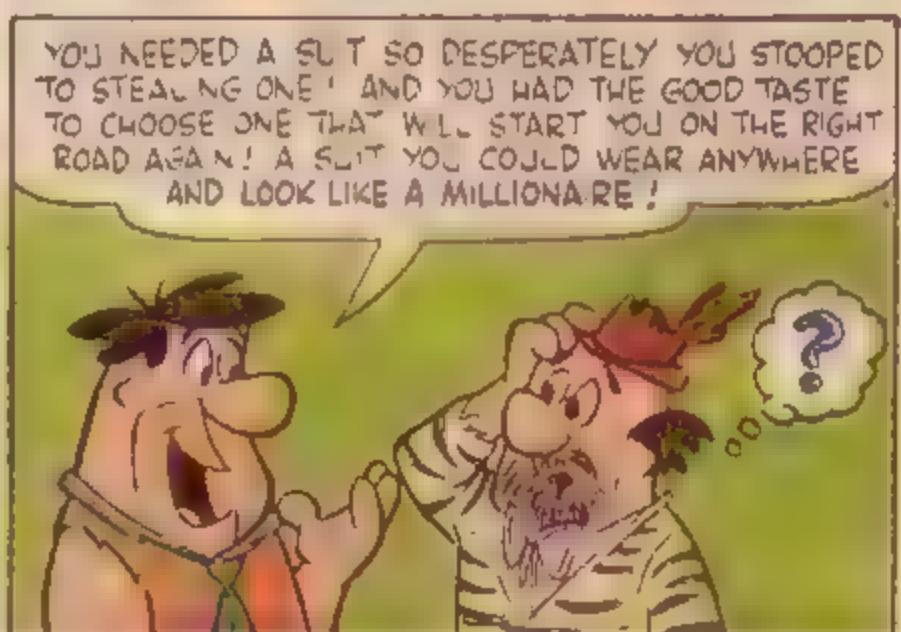
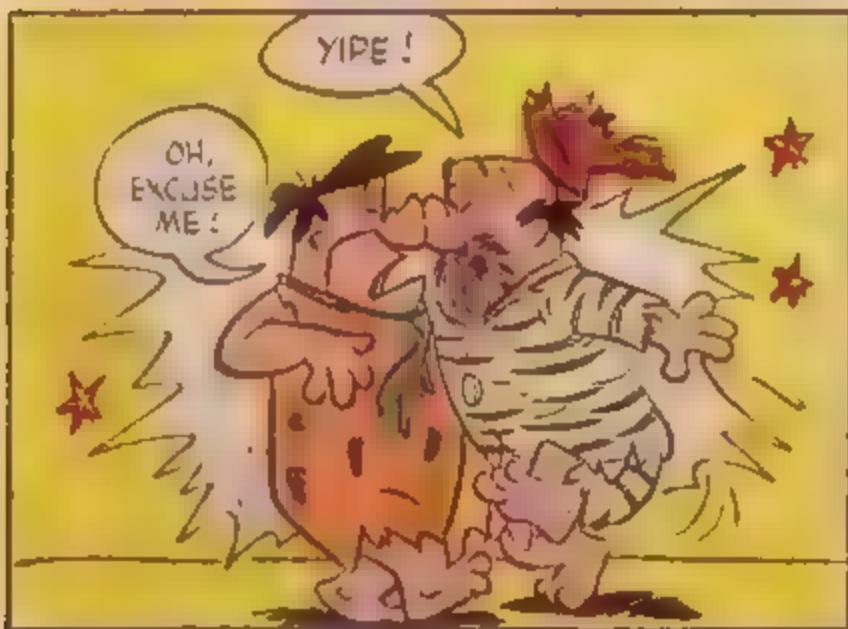
THAT'S NOT ADMIRATION IN THEIR EYES IT'S SHOCK!

OKAY! BUT WHEN WE GET TO THE THEATRE, DON'T TELL ANYBODY YOU'RE WITH ME:

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE MY GOOD TASTE







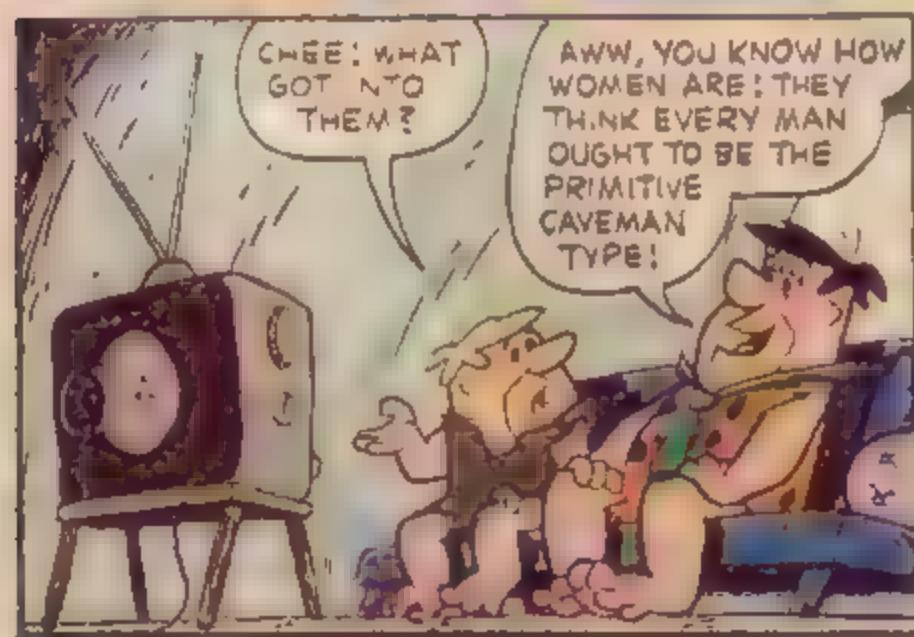
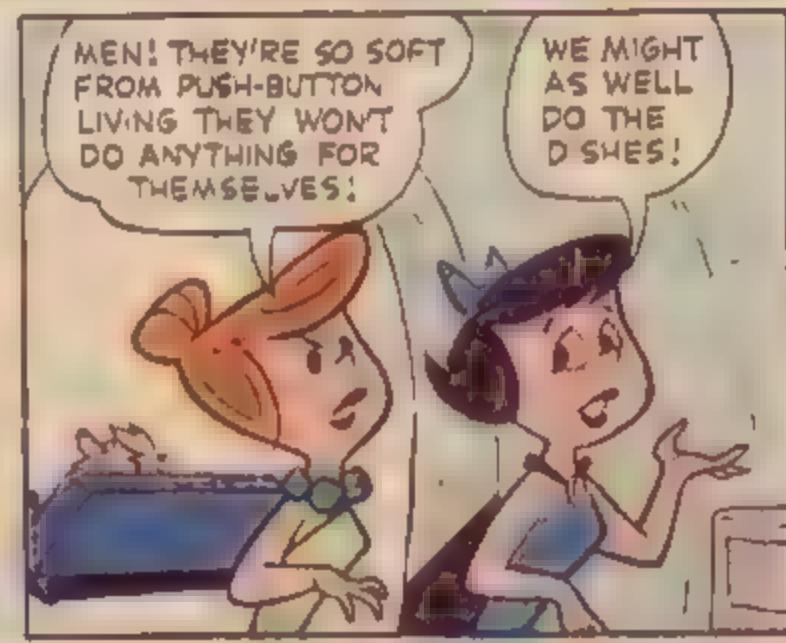


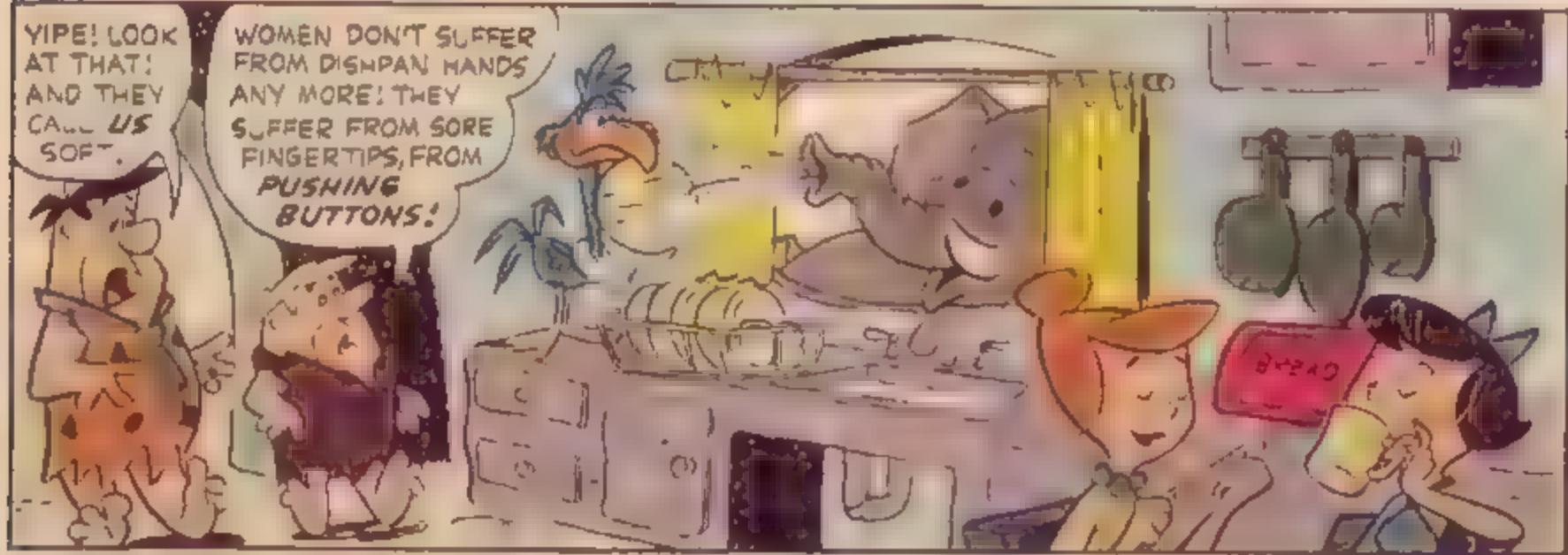
THAT NIGHT...

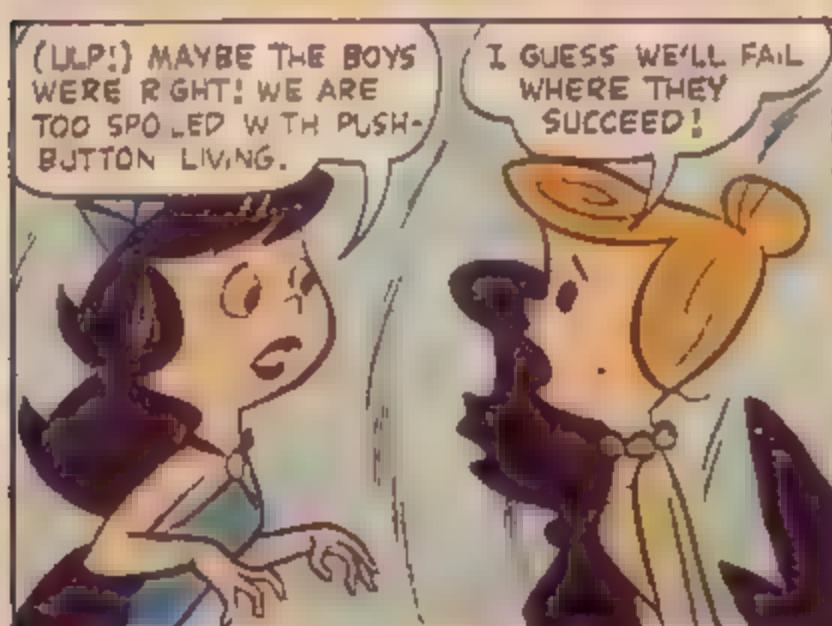
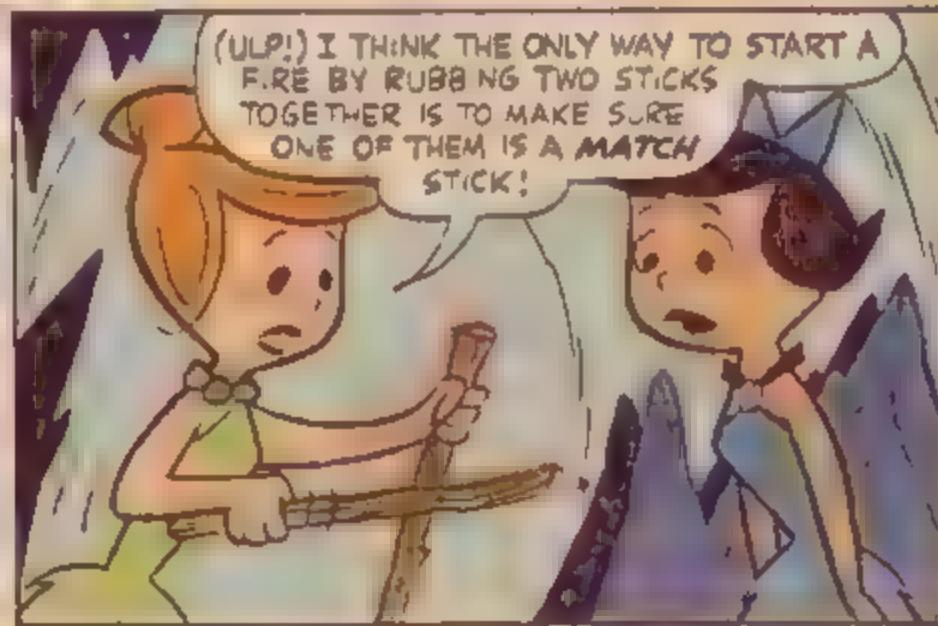
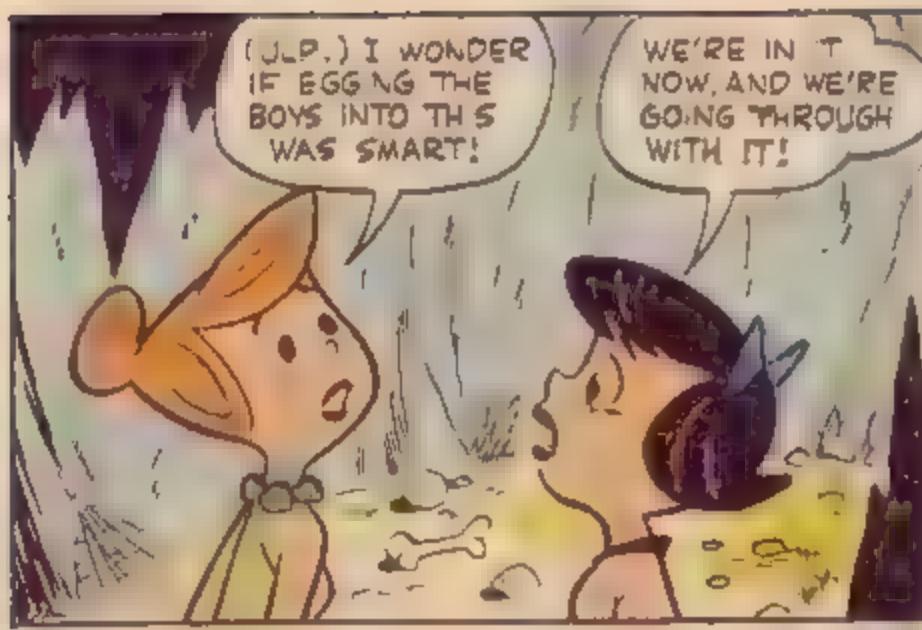


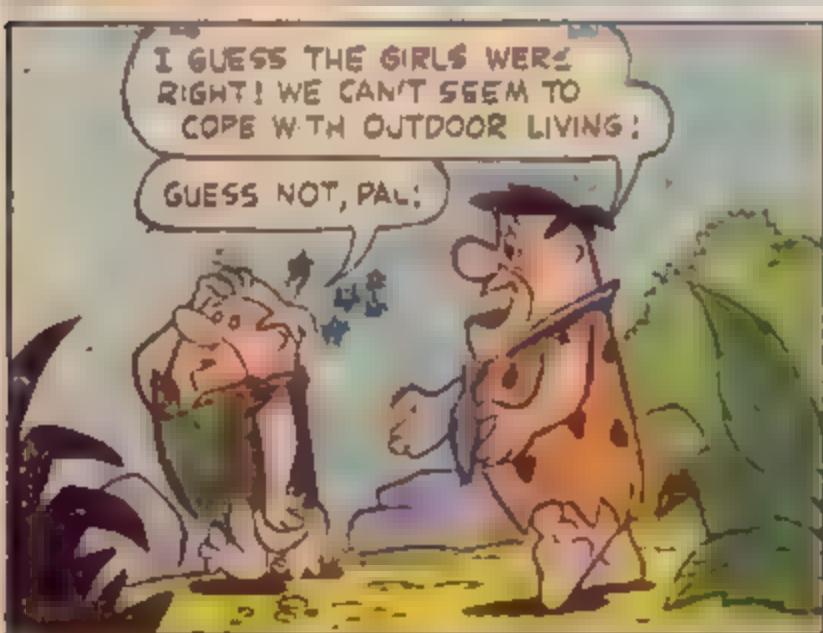
Hanna-Barbera TM THE FLINTSTONES

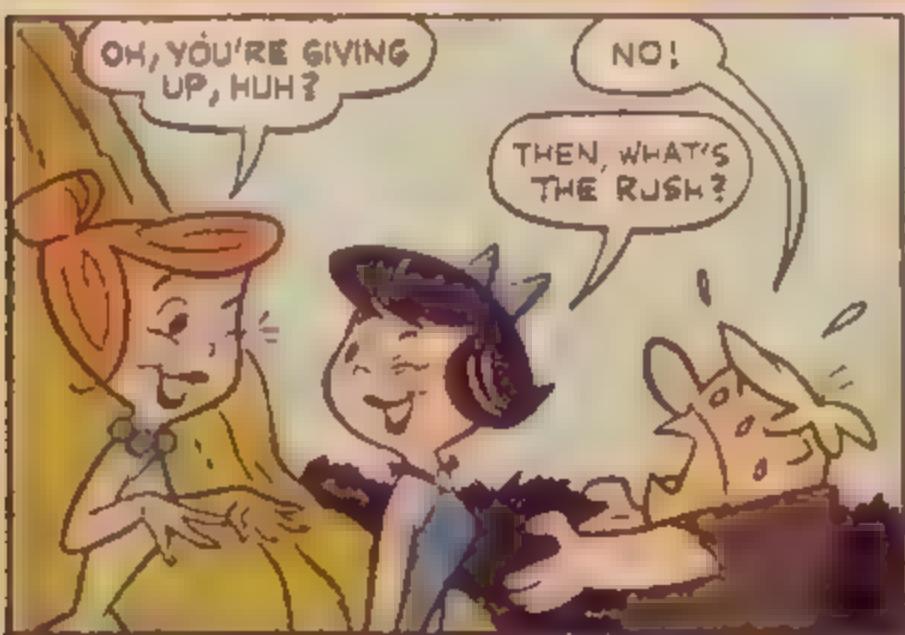
RIGHT ON THE BUTTON

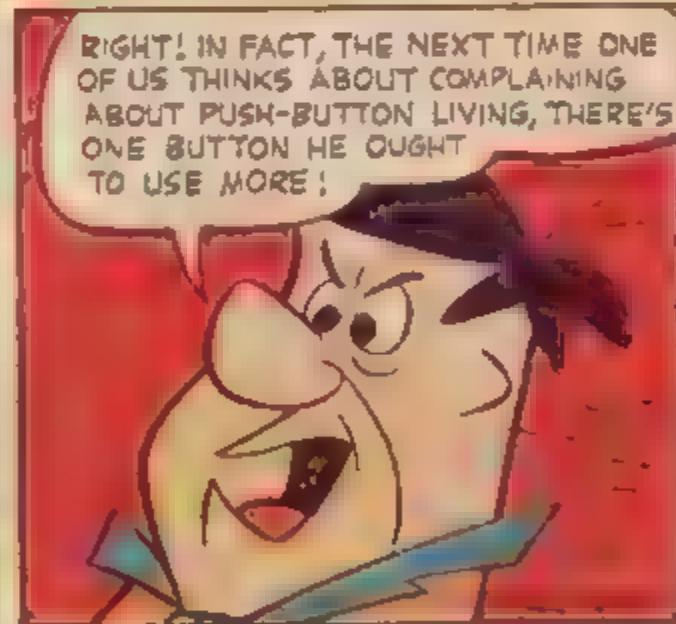












ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME FIND



"Look what I have!" Pete Sheetrock called, as Sandy and Sally Stone neared the school.

The Stone kids looked in Pete's cupped hands. There was a tiny blue lizard with beady bright green eyes.

"What is it?" Sandy asked, puzzled.

"Beats me," Pete admitted, grinning proudly. "I found it near Dinosaur Crossing."

"Dinosaur Crossing!" Sally stared at the little beast. "That's no dinosaur."

"Well, maybe not. I've never seen one like it. After school I'll go to the zoo; maybe they'll know what it is," Pete said.

The little lizard yawned daintily and settled down to nap in Pete's hands.

"Just don't let Miss Gravel see him," Sandy warned. "She's scared of critters. You should have been around the day the mouse got in her desk."

Pete nodded and went into the schoolroom, where he put the sleeping lizard on an old mitten in the innermost corner of his desk. He finished just as Miss Gravel arrived to call the class to order.

Everything would have been fine if Pete had not kept peeking into his desk at his new-found pet. In the middle of the geography lesson, as Miss Gravel was explaining that the earth was flat, the blow fell.

"Pete Sheetrock! What do you have in your desk?" she stormed.

Pete went to the front of the room and showed Miss Gravel a sample of flintstone he had found in Digby's Glen.

"What else?" she demanded.

Pete lumbered back to his seat and got his stone writing tablets and his chisel.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"Miss Gravel, I..." Pete hesitated.

Miss Gravel's voice was sharp. "Get what you were looking at. Show it to me."

Reluctantly, Pete Sheetrock carried the still-

sleeping lizard to Miss Gravel.

There was a moment of horrible silence when Pete put the lizard on the teacher's desk. The little thing opened its bright green eyes and blinked. Miss Gravel knew what to do then. She screamed!

The bewildered lizard leaped and ran.

Miss Gravel leaped nimbly onto her desk, as the lizard found a crack under the door and disappeared.

"I think he's a new kind of lizard," Pete explained lamely.

"Take your seat!" Miss Gravel cried, as she climbed off her desk.

Sally and Sandy waited for Pete after school. They had quite a wait. They could hear Miss Gravel scolding Pete inside the classroom. When at last the teacher came out, Sally and Sandy crept into the schoolroom, where Pete sat at his desk, looking completely dejected.

"Don't worry," Sally said. "Miss Gravel will forget it by tomorrow."

"But I'll never find another lizard like that one," mourned Pete.

"Why not? Let's go up to Dinosaur Crossing and look," said Sandy.

"No. That little guy was a once-in-a-lifetime find." Sadly, Pete left his desk.

"You didn't put your stuff away," Sandy said, as he slid into Pete's bench and began to put the writing tablets in the desk. Suddenly, he began to laugh.

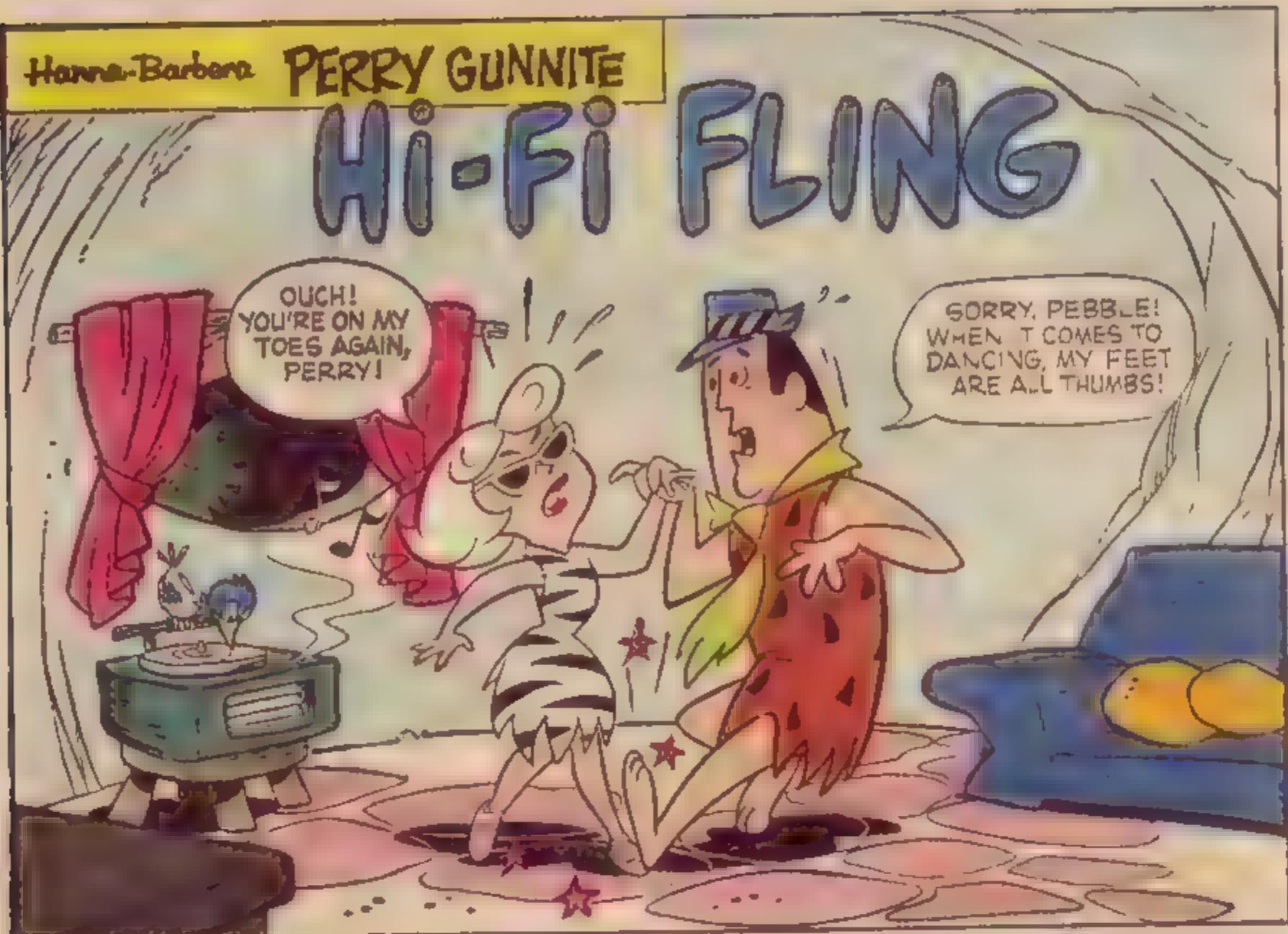
"Are you really sure you'll never see another little blue lizard?" Sandy asked, as he withdrew his hand from Pete's desk.

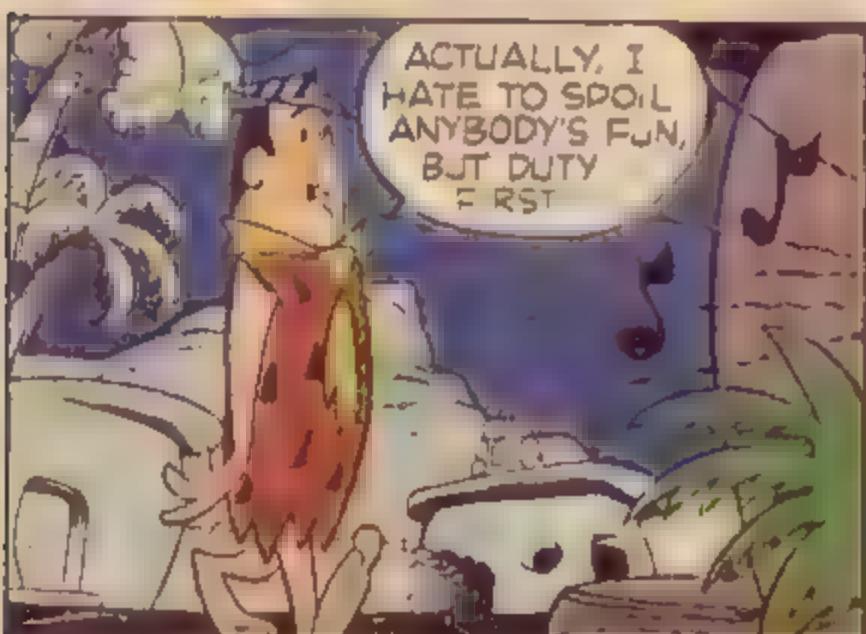
Pete and Sally gasped. Then they both laughed, too, for Sandy was holding Pete's mitten. On the mitten was a tiny blue egg. As the kids watched, the egg cracked and out came a very small bright blue lizard with sparkling little bright green eyes.

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PERRY GUNNITE

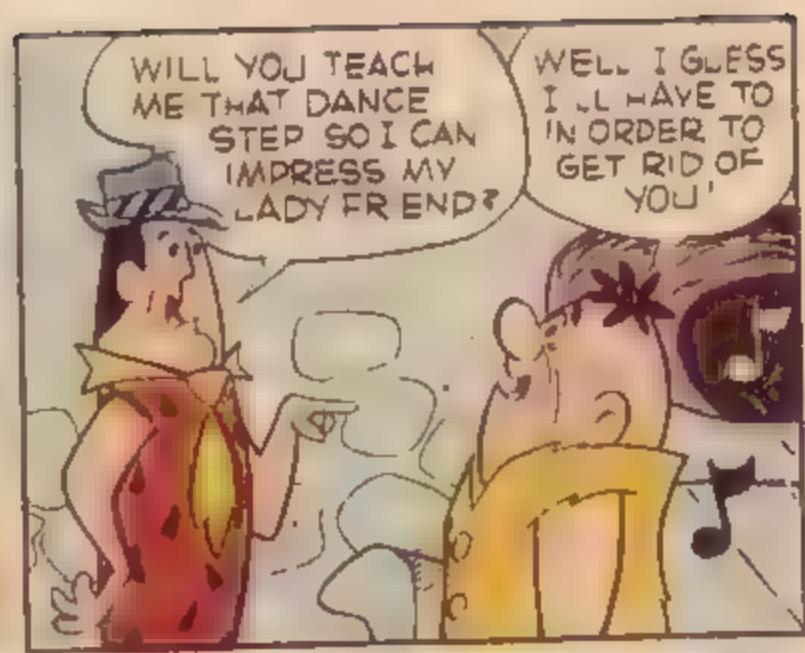
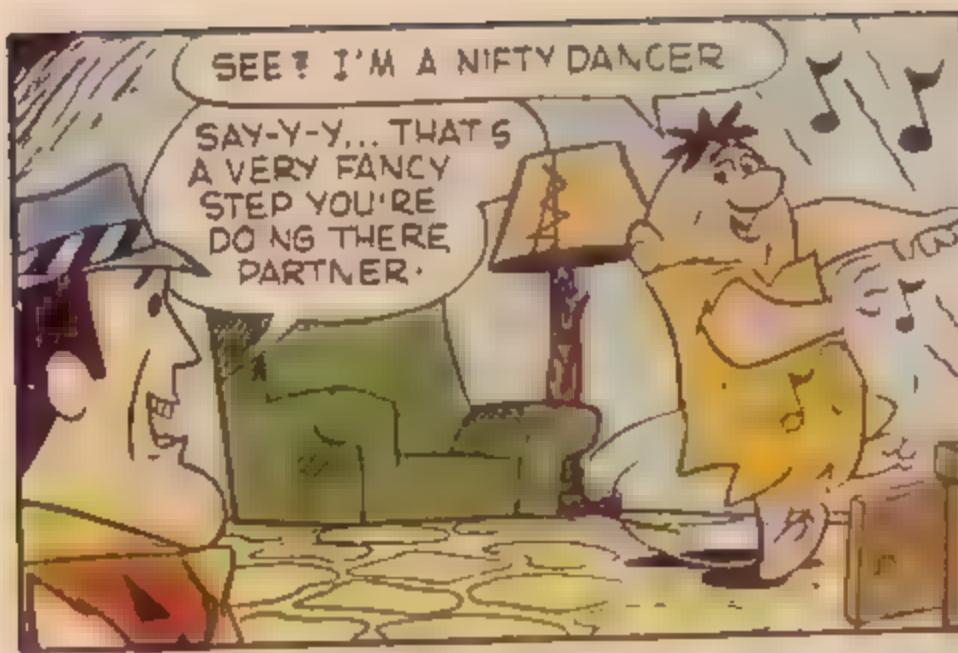
Hi-Fi FLING

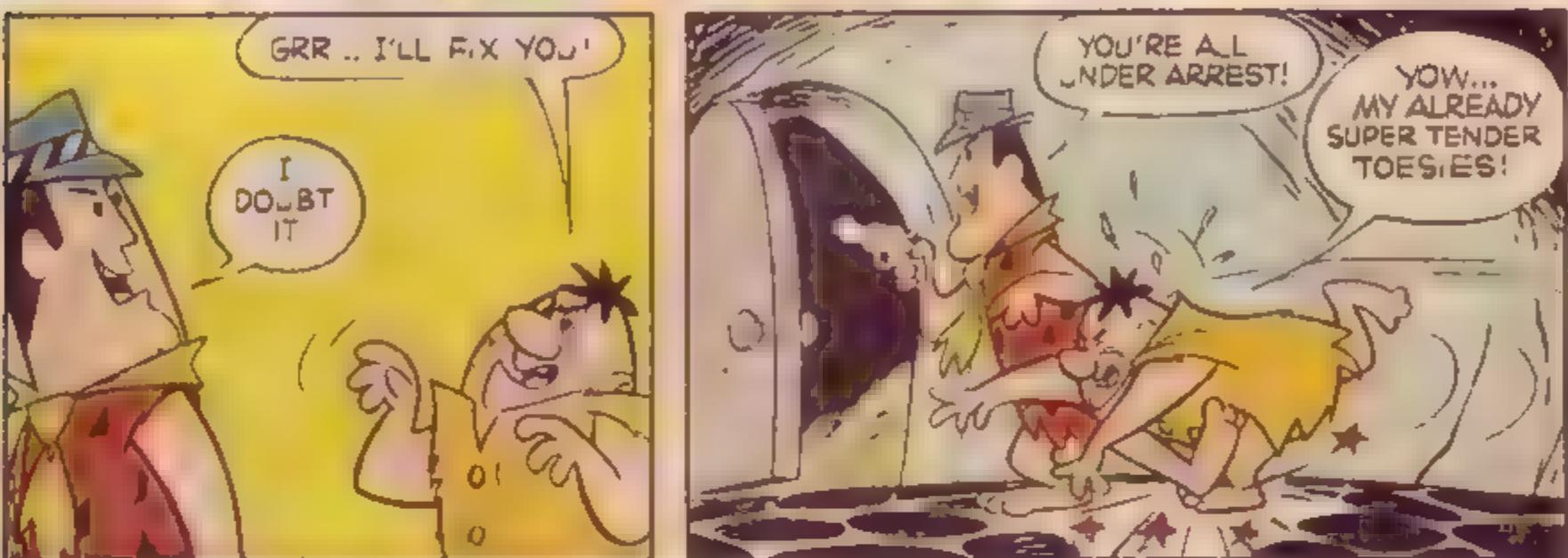




PARTY?
ER OH
YEAH, HEH-
HEH THAT'S
RIGHT, WE'RE
HAVING A
PARTY!







Hanna Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

DOWN AND OUT

FELLOW DINOSAURS,
IT'S TIME FOR THE
LODGE'S ANNUAL
"TALENTED KIDDIES"
CONTEST!

OH NO.

LET ME OUT
OF HERE.

AND I HAVE EXCITING NEWS
THIS YEAR THE SHOW'S GOING
TO BE ON TERRAVISION!

GET TO THE
IMPORTANT
PART

YEAH, WHO'S
GOING TO BE
THE JUDGE
THIS YEAR?

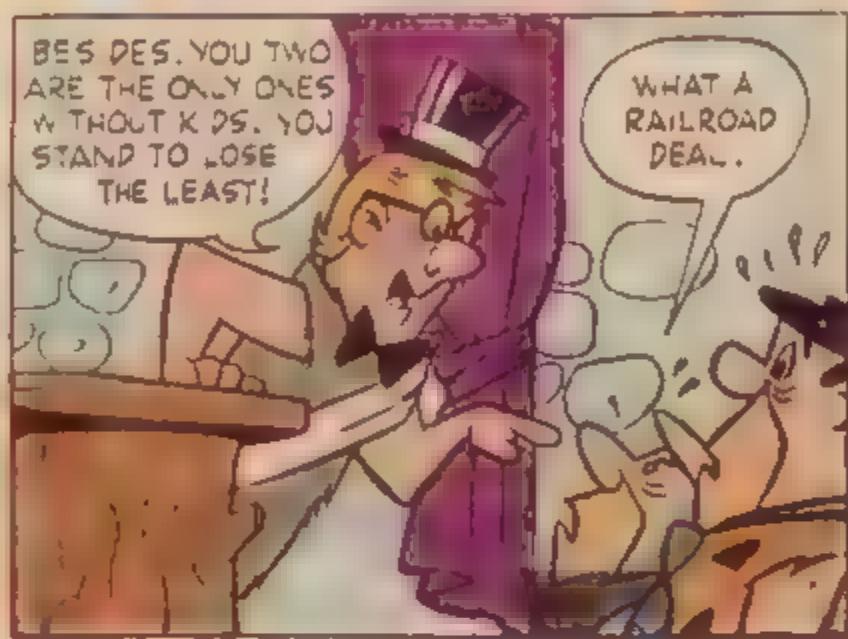
I WAS A JUDGE LAST YEAR AND
MY WIFE GOT MAD AT ME WHEN
OUR LITTLE SAMMY DIDN'T WIN.

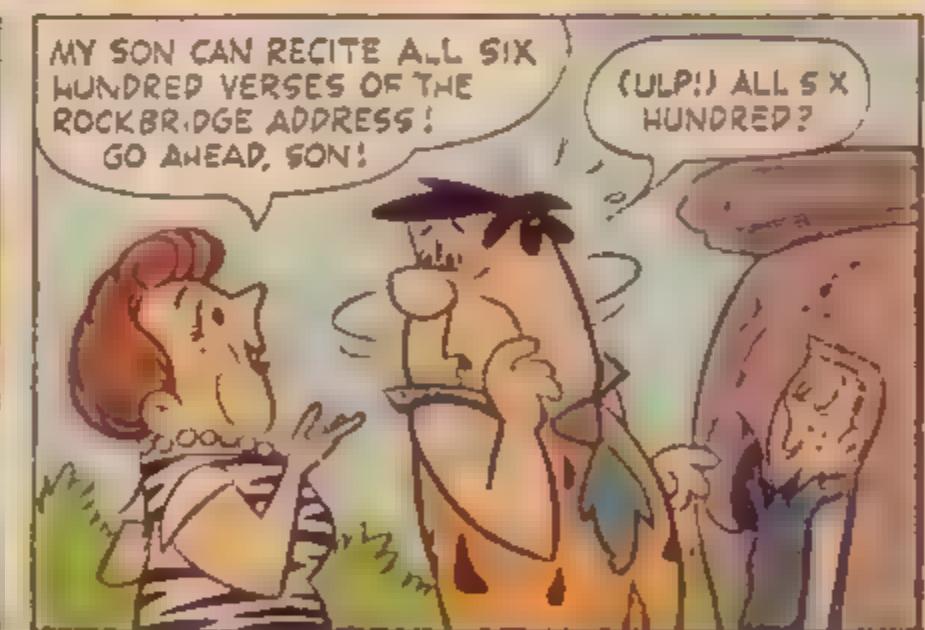
HOW CAN GROWN MEN GET
SO EXCITED ABOUT A
CONTEST FOR
KIDDIES?

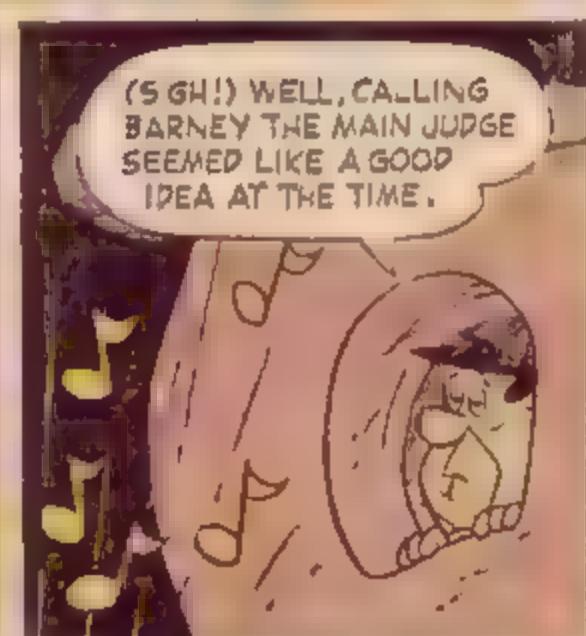
IT'S RIDICULOUS

I HAVE GIVEN CAREFUL
THOUGHT TO THIS YEAR'S
SELECTION OF JUDGES:
ALMOST ALL THE
MEMBERS HAVE
CHILDREN!

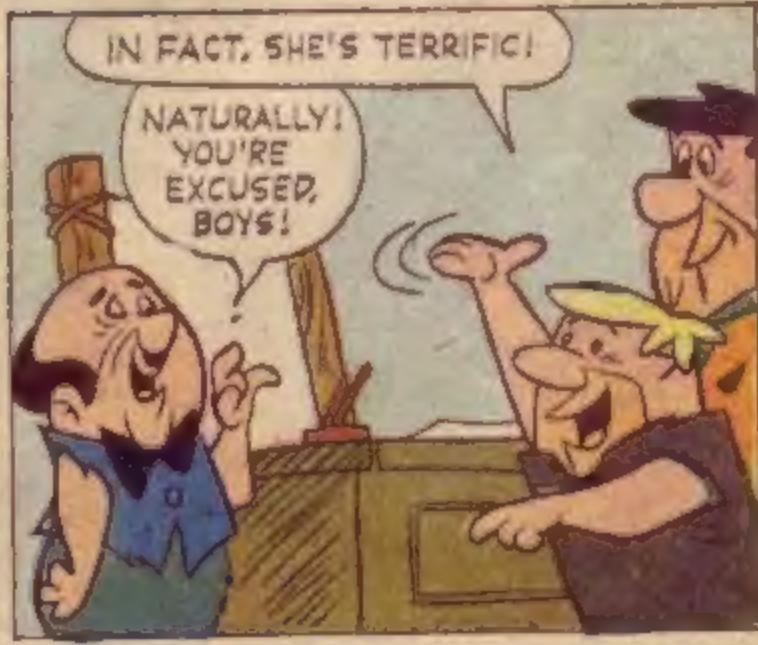
RIGHT, AND
IF WE DON'
T PICK OUR
OWN KIDS
WE'RE IN
TROUBLE
AT HOME.

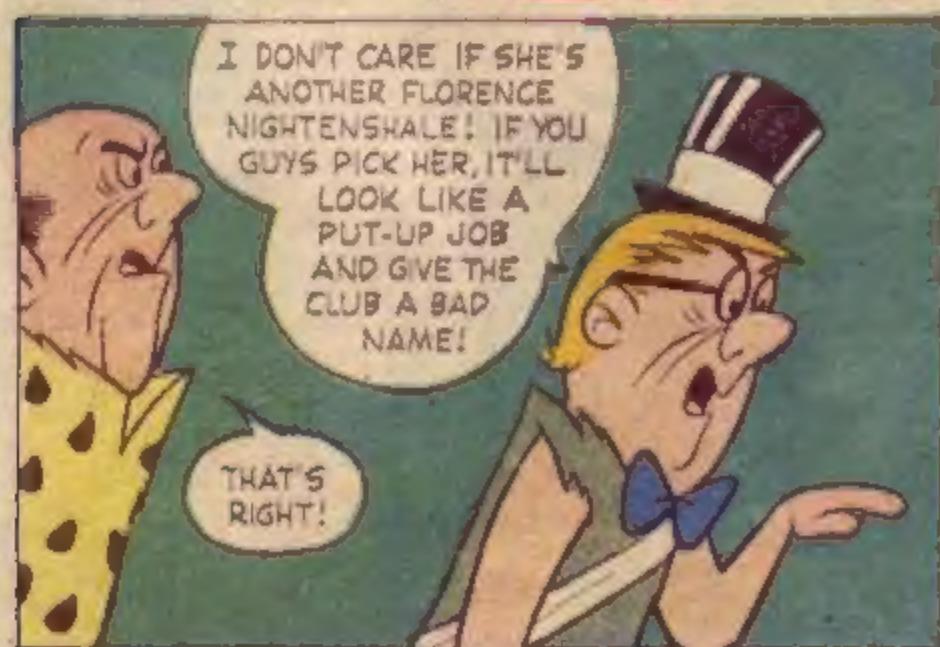
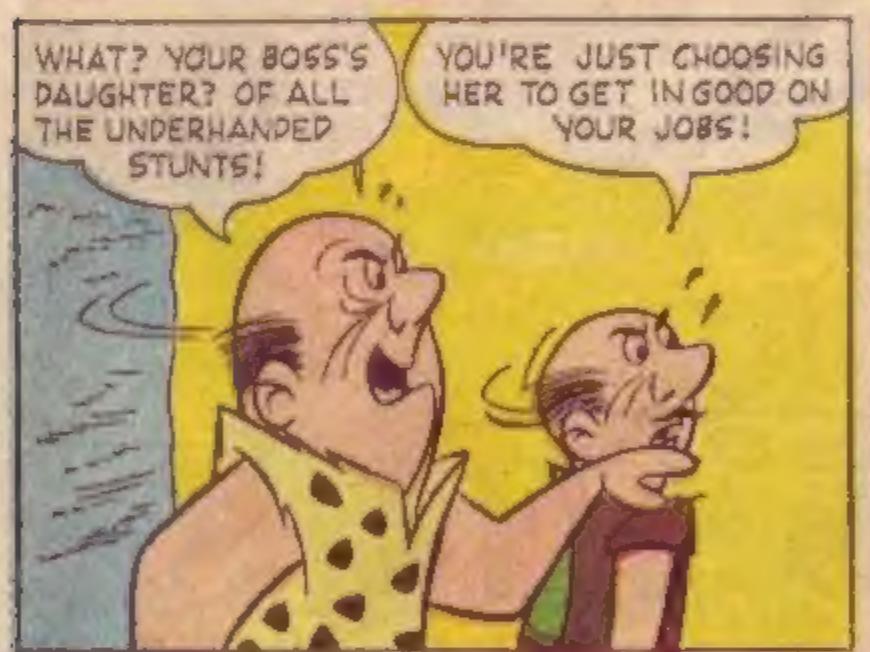
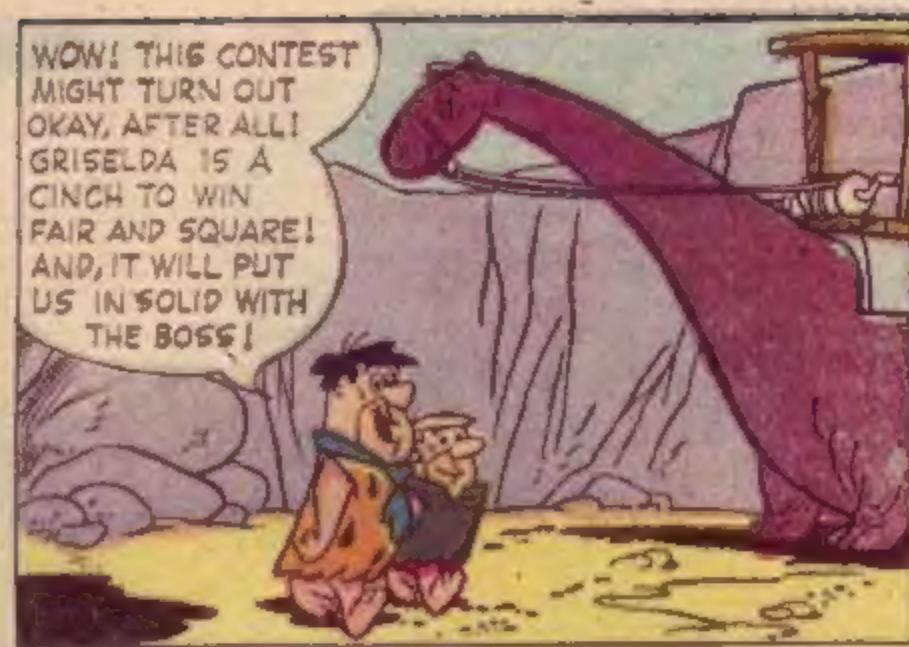






NEXT MORNING...





THE DAY
OF THE
CONTEST...

WELL, WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO
THE CONTEST... AND DOOM!

YEAH!
IF WE
DON'T PICK
THE BOSS'S
DAUGHTER,
WE'LL BE IN
TROUBLE
AT WORK!

AND IF WE DO PICK
HER, ALL THE FELLOWS
AND THE WHOLE TOWN
WILL THINK IT WAS
A PUT-UP JOB!

